FREE SOCIETY

A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK AND LITERATURE.

VOL. Xb. NO. 8. CHICAGO, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1904. WHOLE NO. 454.

The Voyage of Life. *

We are given a berth
Aboard the ship called Earth,
Whose sails are set free
For the boundless sea.
And swiftly we glide
O'er the billowy tide,
While the star of the dawn
Gaily beckons us on.

Our morning is bright,
And our hearts are light;
Our sky is all clear
From the clouds of fear,
The woes that may assail,
Are hidden by a veil;
Close in the deep folds
The secret it holds,

Thus speed we away
In the full light of day;
The glorious noon
We reach very soon—
The noon-time is gone,
And still we sail on,
But shadows now creep
O'er the murmering deep.

And storms soon arise
That take us by surprise,
And the dread shark of Fate
Follows close in their wake.
We strive to press forward,
Tho the winds are now froward;
And often-met gales
Have ribboned our sails.

The sun sinks apace
Beyond the watery waste.
And night comes on
With our bright star gone.
While the breaker's roar
We hear evermore—
And the shadowy land
Gives no helping hand.

Our ship's aground;
It fast is bound.
We are doomed to abide
The slow coming tide,
That bears us away
To that shoreless bay,
In whose still waters deep
We sink to our sleep.

—Emily G. Taylor.

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Humor as a Rebel.

An exuberant but entertaining fellow, rosy-cheeked and easy-going, and who has "a laugh coming" on everything and everybody—such is humor. For this reason he is naturally very unpopular among the ultra decorous. They refuse to give him ear, call him flippant, and therefore unreliable. They judge him because they fail to understand him. They do not know that real, ripe, humor is only the product of intensest earnest, indeed, the well-seasoned extract from the very best of our intellect. But the earnestness of humor must not be confounded with the decorous stiffness miscalled dignity; such as is exhibited so freely among the "dignitaries" of government functioning; judges, prelates, etc., and where it serves only to artfully conceal the emptiness and the perversities of the miserable and vicious present social state. A funeral is about as good a place as any to judge the general hollowness of wordly decorum and dignity, especially among the "good friends and acquaintances" of the departed. He, therefore, who is able to impart some humor to the happenings in this world has given himself indeed a superior task. Unlike those who judge by mere aspect, he has been able to penetrate further into the nature of things, and into the relations they hold to each other. Our stereotyped superficial byped, who goes about unconscious and unable to look behind the masks that men and things wear, judges merely by the "aspect," "the eternal truths," "first principles" and all the other "accepted" generalties, begotten by ignorance, having had intercourse with philosophy.

But he who is gifted with real humor goes boldly and unhesitatingly behind the scenes of all this masquerade. It is his superiority over the stereotyped that makes him secure against being drugged or hypnotized by the mere aspect of things.

Humor is therefore a true rebel: he simply refuses to be duped, either by auto—or any other cracy He is a real Anarchist—reverring nothing. This is proper, for anything "supreme" can only thrive on general subjugation or idolatry.

Humor is such a consistent rebel that if condemned to death he would joke with the hangman and death itself while on the scaffold. He would "guy" the executioner for having always to hang the wrong fellow, and pity him for having to be the servant of those who in reality themselves deserve—hanging. In fact, you can't kill humor. It has more vitality than positive conviction. Being multi-lateral it thrives easier in the field of philosophy than all dogmatic onesidedness. How inferences from the latter have suffered, especially among those exiled now or living in an "adopted" country can be plainly noticed anywhere. Who hasn't met our disappointed revolutionaries, who, so soon after their eyes were opened to the reality of things, quietly began to look and hunt around after Bourgeois comfortableness? Yet their eye-opening to the deception was only the result of the one-sided "convictions" they had brought into exile with them. Favorite and carefully nursed conceptions experienced a rude set-back. The very ground they thought to stand securely on began to rock under their feet; yet it was distasteful to inquire too deeply into the newly-found wherefores and whys. It was much simplier for them to give the whole idea up as a bad job and say: Well, I'm disappointed. But our disappointed revolutionary of yore is only a new edition of some disappointed believers, and who finds that the blessings of his religion fail to bring him speedy and ample relief. A believer, in reality does not sail in his own canoe; he is the slave of belief. For this reason the revolutionary by temperament and convictions, is preferable to the one by confidence and credulity.

And nothing is more dangerous to mere credulity or brain stagnation than the fine but keen weapons of humor. Humor is so audacious that it does not even shun to attack apparent facts. Thus Voltaire with his fine humor opened bigger breaches in the gloomy fortress of ignorance and darkness than did Rousseau with his whole apparatus of integrity.

Heine, too, bombarded the dark fact with more success than could Buchner with his "Force and Matter." Caricature drawings and accompanying witticisms in *Simplicissimus* do more to cure people of the "Majesty" humbug than any learned treatise on the subject.

Nor is humor a mere skirmisher in the ranks of the revolutionizers of thought. True, he does not force himself into heavy armour, nor equip himself for the combat with cumbersome weapons; but the wounds from his fine and adroit blade are deep and do not heal. Nor is he easily taken prisoner; the meshes and tools of the law are respectively too coarse and clumsy for that. Nor is it an average intellect that can make bona-fide use of the fine weapons of humor.

Humor is therefore a slippery fellow. He will swear to nobody's standard. No program of action for him, and as for an "Anarchist constitution" why, he would laugh himself into a fit over it, if his great activity and combativeness did not prevent his becoming such a victim to obeseness. In all this we recognize the true rebel.

Revolutions, if anything, mean the fall of

* This poem was written a few years ago by Comrade Taylor, who died January 31 at an advanced age. She devoted her life to defending the American Indians against the abuses of government. A. I.

all programs and constitutions. When therefore revolutionists after a successful uprising can think of nothing better than the framing of new schemes after the plan of the old regime, as has been repeatedly done in history, it only showed that they had not yet emancipated themselves from the authoritarian idea and turned to a new order of things. Instead of giving the forces of Organization and Solidarity inherent in the masses room to develop freely, they had nothing better to do than to as quickly as possible chain that spirit. And thus we have Reaction, right in the wake of the Revolution; and the humor of the situation is, therefore, that the very ones who were most eager to most radically tear down the old structure of state, had at the same time ready-made plans and specifications for a new, but similar structure in their pockets.—Max Baganski in *Freiheit*.

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President Roosevelt May "Expose" Anarchy.

Regarding the efforts of the federal government to deport John Turner, I am told that President's Roosevelt's activity in the case is not because Turner is a trade union organizer, but for the reason that the Englishman is an Anarchist. This, I understand, he not only admits, but asserts. But if the president is opposed to the doctrines of Anarchism, why does he not show wherein that doctrine is wrong?

All know Mr. Roosevelt to be a scholar, a publicist, a controversialist, and an orator—he himself—while his native modesty might not permit him to say it openly, knows deep down in the distant bottom of his lofty intellectuals, that he is without a peer (past present or future) in any of these fields. If the president's desire to deport Turner is based on the fact that the latter is an Anarchist, he could deal with him more effectively than thru the Immigration Bureau. Let the president write a book (a mere pamphlet would do) showing the fallacy of the Anarchist theory, and there will be no more Anarchy. Better still, let him make a speech denouncing Anarchy, and blasted by the breath of his invincible rhetoric, Anarchy would cease to be. He need not even hire a hall. The railroad companies would furnish a hall, free of charge, and take him to and from Washington on a special train, also free of charge. This they would do from motives of patriotism, and not from any subterranean desire for sordid financial gain. The depletion of their own pockets for the benefit of their country is an attribute inseparable from the owners of railways, and their passionate liberality in this regard drives them ever nearer to the closed doors of the poor house.

I believe that a fair statement of Mr. Turner's idea would be that "The coercive government of man by man is bad." As society now uses those terms, he believes that government and law are unnecessary.

If Redoubtable Roosevelt, in the Cooper Union for instance, would take up Mr. Turner's arguments in favor of Anarchy, he could easily snatch the foundation right out from under him, and leave poor Turner (and all other Anarchists suspended there in midair—certainly better and easier than deportation. Besides, it would be constitutional. Following is a poor suggestion as to the probable nature of the president's argument:

No government? Pray, how can you get married, if there be no government to empower preacher and alderman to perform the ceremony? If there be no marriages, how shall people be born? No government? Where shall you get a burial permit when you are dead, if not from the government? The most casual glance will show any man that he could not be born, or married, or die and be buried without government.

No government? Tell me, good people, who can license gin-mills if there be no government. Who shall levy blackmail on those who keep gin-mills, if there be no gin-mills?

No government? No police to club our strikers? No militia to shoot strikers? No judges to enjoin strikers? No federal army to bull-pen strikers?

No government? Why, men, do you not know that save for the power of government all you poor people would even now be robbing each other of what you haven't got? What would you good people do if there were no government to keep you orderly and law-abiding while an All-Wise capitalist class skins you alive—for your own good?

If there be no government, pray, tell me who would catch the little thief, and who would send the big thief to the United States Senate?

No government, my dear friends, would mean no army; pray what shall we do with our embalmed beef, and what shall become of the salicylic acid industry? Deprive men of their government-given right to make salicylic acid, and what becomes of their children? Give pause for a moment, you men who believe in no government, and let the bowels of your compassion be moved as you hear the babies cry for salicylic acid.

No government? Let me ask you candidly, men, how can we proceed with the glorious and patriotic work of "benevolent assimilation" (with a rifle), if there be no government? Who shall administer the sacred ceremonies of the water-cure, and who but government would bury a hog in the Mohammedan's grave?

Who shall steal our government lands, if there be no government lands?

What Congressman shall get rich supplying government gloves and gauntlets to the army, if there be no army?

No government to grant public franchises to private persons? Pray, what shall become of lobbyists, who are too strong to work and too honest to rob anybody except everybody?

No government customs inspector or tax-assessor? Pray, how shall our rich and distinguished citizens reap the precious fruits of smuggling, and perjure their most Christian souls in swearing off the assessments on their personal property?

If there were no government, tell me, who would buy our senators, corrupt our congressmen, debauch our judges, suborn our legislators and bribe our aldermen?

These things, my friends, are not luxuries—they are customs which have become necessities. A moment's reflection will show you that from a time before you are born till after you are dead and buried you are surrounded by and impaled upon government thru every moment and in every act of life. Without government society would totter to its fall and I—I in particular—could not exist.

Having delivered himself in a manner of which the above is a weak suggestion. President Roosevelt might challenge any Anarchist present to show a flaw in his argument, and pause for a reply.

It is hardly possible that one could be found to dispute with him, but if anyone did so, the president could tell him, "Sir, you are drunk!" or he might call him a liar and have the police (the government) remove him from the hall. Perhaps he might get Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Cortelyou to come along armed with a few blank warrants of arrest, and if any one expressed the slightest disapproval of the president's address, these blank warrants could be filled out and served, and the offender be taken to Ellis Island at once and there placed in a cage alongside of John Turner. There would be no need to ascertain whether or not the despicable culprit had resided three years in this free country, as all the precedings would be in secret and the fellow would be judged by the same man who issued the warrant of arrest or by his appointees. Besides, he'd be only an Anarchist anyhow.

Having paused for a reply to his speech, and having taken the steps necessary for the deportation of any man who might make a reply, I think I can see Mr. Roosevelt adjourn the meeting in a few modest and well-chosen words, about as follows:

Now, my fellow countrymen, I wish to thank you for your attendance here tonight. I came here at great personal sacrifice and expense (to the railway companies), but I did so entirely from a high sense of patriotism such as only I can feel. There will be no more Anarchy in this world. When I speak, the world is my forum. Even now the words of almost more than mortal wisdom which you have had the honor to hear from me tonight, are traversing the earth by cable and telegraph and telephone, and it is almost a sin for one whose words are so precious as mine to waste them in telling you that my oration here will as surely remove Anarchy from the face of the earth as my presence at San Juan swept the Spaniards from the free soil of North America. But that is neither here nor there, In conclusion, if you will pardon me, just a personal word. With those who were Anarchists (now so no more, thanks to myself), I am free to admit that other governments than mine may have had their faults. Lycurgus and Solon, Pericles and Hannibal and Cæsar, Elizabeth and Napoleon, and Peter the Great, even Wasington, alas! all these, I fear me, greatly had their faults. But not so with me. None of these had the aid of Cortelyou. My government is all that it should be. No just criticism can be directed against it. My government is perfect, if anything, too perfect—and if I don't get votes enough next November it will be past perfect.

We must watch the papers for announcements, and be sure to hear the president when he makes this speech.—Ben Hanford in *The Worker*.

The Modern Spanish Inquisition.

The horrors of Montjuich, the "black hand" and other similar outrages on labor were revolting enough even for the stoniest capitalistic heart to read; but the Spanish official bloodthirstyness is not yet appeased, apparently.

On August 1, last, the united workmen at Alcala del Valle went on a strike of "Solidarity" as a protest against the many arbitrary arrests and detentions of workmen on mere suspicion, etc., which a suspicious and weak government thinks necessary to its preservation in that part of the world. No sooner had the strikers assembled in the outskirts of the village for discussion of the situation when, without provocation of any sort, the head official of the place, a bloodthirsty and cruel individual, with a squad of his police, rushed upon the scene and began firing point blank into the peacefully assembled people. A boy of fifteen, Sebastian Aguilera, fell dead, three others were shot thru, and others were more or less severely wounded. It is true that two of the police also received wounds in the fracas, but it is believed on good authority that they got their wounds by getting within range of the Mausers of their own comrades in their eagerness to rush upon the strikers before the smoke of the first shots by the police had cleared away. Reenforcements of military having been received, next morning ninety-four men, women and children were arrested and thrown into jail, where for a whole week a veritable carnival of bloody torture was kept up by the official bloodhounds, from the common bastonade (beatings till the blood streamed from the stripped victims) to the atrocity of mutilating the genital parts of the helpless, naked victims; wriggling in their blood on the stone floors of the jails while tied hand and foot; being kicked in the face and all over the body, while these human fiends tried to force confessions from them that they belonged to secret societies, conspiring against the (sic) government, etc.; but not even the thumbscrews brought forth confessions. Their plea for counsel to defend them, or for witnesses to disprove their guilt was completely ignored, while their plea for a civil trial was not even answered. It was a strict, military "investigation." (The Colorado boys know something about that too, by this time.) After the fiends had worn themselves out in their weeks bloody inquisition, they retained thirty-six of the suspects for trial. Against no less then eight of these unfortunates the charge is: Open revolt against the military and wounding a sergeant, and for which a life sentence is asked; while for thirteen others no less than four years imprisonment is demanded, and of the fifteen remaining no charge, so far, has been made known. (Truly "inquisitory.") They will be "tried" before a military tribunal with only military accusers as "witnesses," and military pleaders and judges. (How is that for the twentieth century, you "evolutionists"?)

On January 25, the trial began. No further news is at hand. Our "great dailies" in America of course don't know anything at all about all this; and, of course also don't care either. The descriptions of gowns and jewels of court ladies or some sporting event in Europe interest us "Republicans or "Democrats" whether rich or poor, infinitely more; we love to read it by the column. We would degenerate to inertia without it. Well, it will take perhaps a good solid inquisition all over the then perfected imperial United States before some of our "voting kings" begin to comprehend the situation. Such trifles as Coeur d' Alenes, Homesteads, Pittsburgs, Utahs, Colorados and others dont count as yet. You see, we are such a big nation: we don't bother about such trifles. We prefer today, as a pastime, to sit on the fence and watch the other fellow's agony when he is on a strike. Solidarity? Well, yes it's all right in the fellow's case who shirks and rides, but for the worker it's "unpractical"; for him its "un-American," as yet.

In the above case of our Spanish brethren the report says further that the ninety-four unfortunates, men, women and children, were crowded to suffocation into filthy spaces that decently could only hold one-third of that number; that not one of them escaped bodily ill-treatment. They were so crowded that women and men were prostrated for hours—the inhuman guards replying jeeringly to their pleadings for relief that they would pack them up to the ceiling yet. One woman, Maria Dorado, as a consequence of this barbarism, that rivals the "black hole" of Calcutta, gave premature birth to a child right in the midst of the throng of outraged and suffering men, women and children, literally crushed together. A jail guard threw the foetus into the sewer. Some of these creatures were so maltreated that for months they were laid up. One was actually bitten bulldog-fashion in the neck, while helplessly tied, by one of the guards. After a severe beating and torture another was thrown with his face violently, against a stone wall which made the blood rush in two streams from his nostrils. In some cases their fetters had eaten thru their flesh. One poor fellow on emerging from the torture chamber had his shirt so saturated in blood that the guards pulled it off, washed the blood out and forced him to wear it all wet. He fell sick in consequence. All this and more because the poor victims wouldn't confess what they did not know. And Spain is the most Christian and conservative country! In the veritable hell at Alcala the prisoners were kept eight days, when they were transferred to their present quarters, the larger prison of Ronda. Not till November 8, did they get a chance to let the outside world know of their living martyrdom, when they succeeded in sending a protest and an appeal dated October 25, for help to the Madrid labor paper *Tierra y Libertad*. (The Earth and Liberty) from which this information comes. This protest gives a vivid description of their sufferings since August 1, and is signed by twenty-two of the prisoners. All this teaches once more that the worst enemies of a people are not to be looked for from the outside but from within the nations. The exploiter is the most relentlessly inexorable of all humanity's enemies, and yet people wonder at occasional reprisals in times of revolution.

F. CAMPENSY.

—o—

Torture is tyranny's last argument.

News From St. Louis.

At the last meeting of the Debating Club the question of holding an international congress of Anarchists in St. Louis during the World's Fair was discussed, and this is the gist of the arguments made:

What we have in mind cannot be called an international congress of Anarchists, it should simply be a gathering of comrades (not delegates) who will visit the fair at their own expense and responsibility. Considering that many comrades will come at different times it would be advisible to decide on a certain date, by means of our papers, by comrades interested in this gathering, which week and month would be the most suitable. When this is done, some of the St. Louis comrades are willing to secure a meeting place for several meetings and arrange a picnic outside of the town.

While these ideas were favored by most comrades present, it is still a question whether it is advisable to arrange such a gathering, for the following reasons: Every country and city will have during the World's Fair its detectives here, and no matter how harmless such a meeting (even in public) would be, the police would nevertheless object to it and the comrades would be subjected to a lot of trouble and persecution, perhaps even imprisonment (on suspicion), and deportation. Why should we give the police a chance to get hold of us *en masse?* Would the advantage of such a gathering really be worth while to run the risk of police interference, which is quite certain during the Fair when all sorts of crowned and uncrowned kings must be protected from the "bloody Anarchists"?

These were the arguments for and against the proposition. We now leave it to the readers of our papers and those comrades who want to visit the Fair.

* * *

The proposition made by the *Freiheit*, to put on exhibition all the labor literature of the world met with failure. In the Educational Building no space could be obtained, and outside of the Fair grounds on the Pike (or midway plaisance, as it was called in Chicago), we would have to pay at least $350 to 400 rent for the six months, that is, including a small house or weather proof stand.

Facing hard times, with most of the comrades out of the work, and having no millionaires among us, we cannot see how we could undertake anything in this line.

C. N.

—o—

In the Social Alley.

The Pessimist: "Phew! How that social garbage can stinks!"

The Optimist: "Yes we ought to hide it."

The Meliorist: "Guess I'll put a lid on it."

The Pessimist (to himself): "It will smell just the same."

The Socialist: "Why not scientifically regulate it?"

The Anarchist: "I'll do away with it altogether."

Chorus: "It can't be done; we must have it—absurd!"

And they are still discussing it.

F. CAMPENSY.

—o—

Would we stop to discuss a skunk?

FREE SOCIETY

Formerly THE FIREBRAND.

Published Weekly by FREE SOCIETY Group.
A. ISAAK,.....Editor.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to FREE SOCIETY, 407 PARK AVE., Chicago, Ill.

Entered at the Chicago post office as second-class matter, October 29, 1901.

The publishers as such are not necessarily in agreement with any opinions expressed by the contributors

ANARCHY—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1904.

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If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

Attention.

After some deliberation on the part of the New York and Chicago comrades and friends of FREE SOCIETY, it has been decided to move the paper to New York, and this is the last issue appearing in Chicago. All communications to FREE SOCIETY or A Isaak should be addressed, until further notice, to A. Isaak Jr., 246 E. 21st St., New York,

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Notes.

Friends are requested to give us the names of persons who are likely to be interested in FREE SOCIETY, that we may send them sample copies.

* * *

To anyone sending us $2 we will send FREE SOCIETY one year and Dr. Greer's "A Physician in the House" or his new work "The Wholesome Woman." Also to anyone sending us one new subscriber and $2 we will send the same. This applies to renewals as well as new subscriptions.

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For Chicago.

The Sociological League meets every Sunday evening, 8 p.m. sharp, in Jefferson Hall, Fraternity Bldg., 70 Adams St. Admission 10 cents. Sundav, Feb. 21, Charles Turner Brown will speak on a subject of current interest.

* * *

Liberty Group meets every Thursday, 8 p. m., at 427 Park Ave., corner Western Ave., for business and social purposes. Saturday, Feb. 27, 8 p.m., a social gathering will take place. All friends are welcome.

—o—

From the Lips of Liberty.

Custom is Earth's king.

* * *

Race hatred is hate of man.

* * *

Begged bread is bitter bread.

* * *

A soldier's life is based on death.

* * *

Pessimism is the science of despair.

* * *

Greed makes, greed breaks Powers.

* * *

Is systematized ignorance education?

* * *

Mark Hanna will buy no more votes.

* * *

Patriotism is the pimp of imperialism.

* * *

The Hague Tribunal is for show purposes.

* * *

Votes do but one thing; they make fools of men.

* * *

Social stability is not an outcome of social slavery.

* * *

Rather than "love your enemies" have no enemies.

* * *

Revolutions, to succeed, must be the product of mind.

* * *

Helen Wilmans has been convicted of cheating the cheats.

* * *

The czar and the mikado have formed an alliance with death.

* * *

The Ethical Culture movement has developed a hothouse religion.

* * *

Monopoly results from special privilege. The State creates the privilege.

* * *

Moral "law" is as much an impertinence as statue law or "God's law" is.

* * *

Anarchism will make the poor rich; therefore it will not make the rich poor.

* * *

"Honest politicians" would be asses if nature had not forgotten to put their ears on.

* * *

Murder carried on wholesale, as in war, is "glorious"; the murder of one man is "horrible."

* * *

The glass trust is going to pieces, but that is not because anyone saw thru it save the officials. It does not *pay*.

* * *

Roosevelt call Thomas Paine "a dirty little Atheist." What slum spewed the Rooseveltian vocabulary?

* * *

The American flag has finally been lowered in Cuba; but the American trust builder and exploiter will stay there.

* * *

Forty-five city and county officials have been indicted by a Milwaukee grand jury. Are there any unindicted officials left to prosecute them?

* * *

Five or six different trust officials recently took dinner at the White House, with the president and the members of the Supreme Court. Thus are trusts suppressed.

* * *

Bishop Spaulding, an especially intelligent Catholic prelate, says that capital dictates our legislation, and that over seventy per cent of the wealth of the nation is possessed by nine per cent of the population. The bishop is not an Anarchist, but he will have to stop thinking or be likely to become one.

* * *

The family ideal is one of the great enemies of freedom; it powerfully opposes any revolutionary economic effort that would make the existence of the family precarious.

* * *

Another Missouri "grafter" has been released by a court. Thus is the wealth of the people squandered in the pursuit of that elusive and indeterminate thing known as justice.

* * *

The dismemberment of China will probably follow the success of either of the contestants in the far east. Nations and whole countries become the prey of quarreling and struggling kings.

* * *

Liberty will release the whole life and activities of men from bondage; it is not merely a scheme to put bread in man's stomach, the palliators stand ready to do that in exchange for your vote.

* * *

Joseph Chamberlain is carefully feeling his way along the path of tariff trickery in hope that the turn of a national or international card will put him in power again. He is the rope dancer of English politics.

* * *

Liberty is a means, not an end. The end is that which liberty will make us free to possess: life in all its richness of possibilities. Liberty should not be deified, lest we come in time to mistake the appearance for the reality.

* * *

To talk of "corrupt politics" is like talking of putred rottenness, or diseased sickness. Politics *is* corruption, and therefore it cannot be corrupted. Politics is a means of regulating human affairs thru a disgraceful fight for party supremacy. Pah!

* * *

The latest revelation of State cruelty and torture in Spain is almost too horrible to be believed; but the facts are well attested. The class whose privilege it is to torture and murder is, strange to say, most grieved at an "assassination." Authority lives upon hypocrisy, the carrion of lies.

* * *

The Citizens' Industrial Alliance will meet in Indianapolis February 22 to devise ways and means to destroy trades unionism. Those who will attend employ an aggregate of 1,250,000 workingmen. The Citizens' Industrial Alliance should really be called "The Monopolists' Exploiting Alliance."

* * *

When John Most is writing on economics he is often at once clear, powerful and convincing; and the movement for liberty recognizes his worth; but when he writes on sexual freedom, as in the last *Freiheit*, his prejudices overwhelm him, and for argument he gives us dogma expressed in a language and imagery which cannot be matched outside the brothel and the beastiality which festers there.

* * *

A prevelant error is that expressed in the

opinion that human progress has a program in which the securing of economic liberty precedes the securing of liberty in general. If economic deprivation preceded all other deprivations there might be some little reason for the opinion; but it did not. That as long as men and women are enslaved to custom in general they will not *seek* economic liberty *vigorously*, is a truth which cannot too often be urged upon those who would be free but who make programs.

AMERICUS.

—o—

By the Wayside.

There is at least one "patriotic American" who protests against being protected from "any philosophy" by Roosevelt and his staff. "We are not children," he says in the *Record Herald*, "to be protected against modern economic and social ideas or the dreams of any individuals."

* * *

The Chicago *Chronicle* is raging and lamenting because organized labor is precipitating a revolution, as the editor imagines. But history tells a different tale. Revolutions were ever provoked by the arrogance and tyranny of those in power, and so it will be in the future, so long as privileged classes exist in society.

* * *

The editor of the *Metal Worker* has finally discovered that "the labor question has not been solved" and that "the solution will come naturally thru the ballot box or thru bullets." In the same issue this wiseacre informs his readers that "practical Anarchism" is "rampant in high public places in the United States." Now, I venture to prophesy that neither the ballot box nor bullets will solve the social problem so long as mental dwarfs are on the "editorial staff" of the labor press, who confound official despotism with the teaching of freedom and fraternity—Anarchism.

* * *

"The history of the world has been the history of efforts of the privileged class to suppress free speech," said Western Starr in last Sunday's protest meeting. "It cannot be done. Thirty thousand people were murdered in Spain in one year to suppress free speech, but in vain. Whenever the pressure becomes too great for the people something happens. It happened once in France, when the people rose up and precipitated the revolution. There was awful blood-letting there. It was, I believe, the most beneficient, most blessed blood-letting that ever occurred in history. It was the laceration of an ulcer in society. Today social blood-poisining is sowing the seed of discontent."

INTERLOPER.

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From Near and Far.

FREE SOCIETY has been informed that the "History of the French Revolution," by C. L. James, is to be translated into the Italian and Dutch languages.

Even Canada is threatened with an awakening. In Toronto the Liberty Club meets every Sunday 3 p. m. in the Forum Bldg., where lectures are given and free discussions entertained. All traveling liberals are invited to attend the meetings.

The Belgian Anarchists are engaged in a vigorous propaganda. Aside from the distribution of pamphlets and papers on a large scale they have effected a strong unity between the different groups and active individuals thruout the country.

At Ajaccia, in Corsica, the dock laborers are on strike. The police were powerless against the strikers, and troops are now guarding the harbor. But the dock laborers of Nice and Marseilles refuse to unload the ships coming from Ajaccio and thus aid their fellow workers and demonstrate the spirit of fraternity.

The Anarchist and Socialist papers in Holland are engaged in an animated discussion regarding Jean Terway, the young man who refused to serve in the army. The first favor and emphasize the necessity of individual resistance against the tyranny of the State, while the latter says it is useless and nonsensical. Of course; young men should mortify their consciences until it pleases the Socialist representatives to have then revived.

One hundred and forty miners who left Chicago some weeks ago to take the places of the strikers at Telluride, Colo., were given a wholesome lesson there in the labor problem. They are guarded by armed men and cut off from the outside world. "For God's sake, help us!" writes one Charles Moore, whose letter was smuggled out of the camp. "This place is worse than Siberia! Only a few of us have a roof to cover us at night. About forty of us have to sleep in one room upon the floor," etc. This is, according to the editor of the *Metal Worker*, "practial" freedom, or Anarchism!

In Germany the textile workers of Crimitschau, who so bravely stood shoulder to shoulder in their struggle against the manufacturers for six long months, have gone back to work on the old conditions. Their defeat is due wholly to the influence of Socialist politicians. "A continuation of the strike," says *Vorwärts*, the leading party organ, "would have meant ruin to the city, its industry, *and its manufacturers*." "Besides," continues the paper, "in a country boasting the strongest social democratic party, strikes are not necessary." The readers will remember that the textile workers were on strike to get a ten-hour work day.

"A general strike at Bialystok, Russia, a town of 64,000 inhabitants, has attracted some attention, mainly on account of its complete success," say the London *Times*. At the beginning of December the weavers commenced a movement for an increase of wages and a reduction of hours, and were soon joined by the tanners. The revolutionists provided speakers, and the numbers of men who quit work increased rapidly. At first the police did not interfere, but one day on leaving a meeting the workers found themselves surrounded by soldiers and police and about one hundred and fifty were arrested. This breach of peace caused a general strike. Locksmiths, bakers, tailors, the flour mill hands—in fact, nearly all the workmen responded. The employers immediately conceded their demands and all the prisoners were released. It is said that all the male workers of the city participated in the strike.

Last Sunday two separate protest meetings were held in Chicago. One—under the auspices of the Socialists—protesting against military atrocities and arbitrary censorship in Colorado and Utah, and the other—under the auspices of the Chicago Federation of Labor—protesting against the dangers menacing free speech and free thought, and to discuss steps necessary to take to secure the repeal of the law under which Comrade Turner is being held at Ellis Island.

The committee which has charge of the Turner case had invited delegates from all labor unions and liberal association "to devise ways and means of defending him and preventing the deportation of Brother John Turner of England." The circular letter stated among other things that, "The committee wishes to suggest that as labor unions are constantly the object of legal persecution they should be the most aggressive in defending themselves and their individual advocates, no matter whether these advocates be called Anarchists, Socialists, Single Taxers, Trades Unionists or Churchmen; as it is self-evident that we must stand or fall together." This bold and liberal call had brought a large number of Trade Unionists together who encouragingly applauded the denunciations of the speakers, Louis F. Post and Western Starr, directed against the administration which seeks to suppress free speech in this country for the benefit of exploitation, imperialism, and high class "graft." Joseph Baines, of Typographical Union No. 16, presented a resolution instructing the committee in charge of the meeting to call on all local unions and liberal organizations in Chicago to contribute each a sum of at least $2 to help carry the case of Turner to the United States Supreme Court, and this resolution was adopted.

It was also reported that steps were being taken to have Turner released on bail.

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For Cleveland.

"Free Society" meets every Sunday, 3:30 p. m., in Foresters' Hall, 223 Champlain St. All friends of liberty are cordially invited.

San Francisco.

An opportunity for Anarchist propaganda is now offered at the "Golden Gate Senate Debating Forum," in Friendship Hall, Oddfellows' Bldg., every Sunday, 7:30 p. m.

Feb. 21—"Has Anarchism Anything to Recommend?"

Anarchist and Socialist speakers will clash on these dates.

For Philadelphia.

The annual Russian Tea-Party will take place Friday, March 25, 8 p. m., at Pennsylvania Hall, 928 S. 6th St. An excellent program has been arranged, consisting of a grand concert and ball, in which V. de Cleyre, C. McGuckin, L. Sobelman, F. Giamini, and other talent will participate. Admission 25 cents.

For Boston.

The Boston Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 3. p. m. in room 9, 724 Washington street. The first series of lectures will be on Anarchism—Its relation to other forms of Socialism, "What Anarchism is," "Its Scientific basis," "Its Social application," and "Its political Economy." Free discussion follows each lecture. Admission Free.

To the Little Chair.

I don't know that I meant to complain of persecution. There is much to be learned from the little chair, when Budge and Toddie speak of "the visionary gleam—the glory and the dream": but when they have been at Doctor Blunker's long enough to become prigs, they *are* liable to be bores—especially to one whom conspiring circumstances have taught to feel life's shortness keenly. It is an infallible mark of this stage in the little chair's descent to the "light of common day" when he talks about logical chains and their weakest links, in blissful unconsciousness that inductive reasoning is more like a rope; which may be strong enough to hang a great many fallacies, tho a strand or two be broken. Now, I was at some pains to guard against this sort of "persecution," when, in my "Vindication of Anarchism," I caught myself blundering (a very common occurrence) and, instead of correcting the text, made my excuses in a note, on the ground that it illustrated the futility of picking at a detail when the basis of the conclusion was all history. The little chair has learned his modes and figures, of course? Well, they call that an *ignoratio-eleuchi*. Theological and metaphysical demolishers of positive philosophy are very much addicted to it. To teach a thing like that over and over again *is* tiresome—especially when time grows short. As for my being infallibly inspired of God; if any one so much misunderstands my method as to think so, I give him up for an incorrigible dunce. Beat him with the little chair! But perhaps some one has been taking some one to be infallibly inspired, when he refers for the thousandth time to Herbert Spencer's "invasion" formula, and suggests that I do not understand it. I don't. My case against it is, that nobody does. It is of a piece with Sir James Cheltam's receipt for having everything lovely, which was that people should behave like gentlemen. Herbert Spencer was a very smart man. He was by no means thoro in any science but mechanics, to whose practical application he had been brought up. He made lots of blunders in detail. But he became a great scientific light thru his insight into the communities and relations of the sciences. This led him up to the threshold of Anarchism; and he just missed the civic crown which was waiting inside, partly thru being afraid of his logic, but partly thru a lingering *penchant* for unintelligible metaphysical formulæ, like that about "invasion," which belong, as Macaulay says to the hobbledehoy stage of the little chair's development — the sham-Aristotelian and pre-Baconian stage. It was never by such attempts to define the undefineable that he became of real importance. It was by grappling practical questions—such as whether organizations to prevent invasion (hideous word!) do actually prevent, or commit it?

Now, to apply all this—even the little chair admits that the name Jehovah is only an illustration—is only one of ten thousand proofs that the prophet's ideal is always higher than the priests, so I need not give the other 9,999. But since Hebrew is his strong point, will he deny that the name Jahveh was traditionally revealed to Moses (Ex. vi. 3)? that it first gives historic evidence of being known with Samuel? that they were always reckoned prophets? that it is used by all the prophets? that its disuse, except once a year by the high priest, was a ritualistic innovation? I ask to learn. Hebrew is not my strong point, and I want to avoid "unlucky incursions" upon sacred ground.

Mulhall may not be superexcellent authority; but he was the readiest to hand, and is surely good enough for such matters of public notoriety as those cited for him to establish a general conclusion itself so commonplace now that I confess having taken it for granted.

When the little chair finds an example of the populace taking the initiative in primitive legislation, I will consider it. My uniform observation is that they represent conservatism, and, on being asked to sanction the ordinances of kings and priests, reply, if they dare, "*Nolumus leges mutare*."

"A direct, plausible, public contemporary statement by an intelligent man, tho prejudiced" is, it seems, better evidence than the hard facts which attest themselves. Well, judge Joseph E. Gary is an intelligent man, prejudiced against Anarchism. He has made the statement, direct, public, contemporary, and as plausible as Winthrop's, that his victims of 1887 were proved to be all members of the International, an association whose purpose was to introduce Anarchy by general destruction of those who believed in law and order. Does the little chair credit that statement? If not, why not? Because he knows enough about Anarchism, the International, and the trial, to know it is a lie? That is an excellent reason. Still if he had studied the genetic process of lies as I have, he would know that both Gary's statement and Winthrop's represent a variety in the great genius *Mendacia*, which might be called *Mendacium vulgatum duplex*—the double flowering of a popular cant, which has ceased to seed, and is about to fall off the stem.

And now we may see not only what the little chair does think, but how. As his logic belongs to the verbal kind, in fashion before the rise of the positive sciences; so his grounds of historical belief are those which preceded archæology, etymology, and "higher" criticism. They belong to the time when historians, indifferent to fact, went by testimony, without being at all proud about its quality. The methods which have come in since, he has, indeed, heard of; but he dislikes them—partly on account of their alleged "subjective" character, a fault found principally by those who do not know the difference between dogmas offered for belief, and hypothesis put forth to guide inquiry. He has a right to dislike and to criticise them, but why not call them those in fashion now, instead of mine? Is it because he and his school thus gain the double advantage (with those less informed than themselves) of making me appear a presumptious innovator and the methods I never was absurd enough to claim as original, a personal idiosyncrasy? He will have as much difficulty in persuading any one who understands the subject that that is not uncandid as any one who read his critique in *Liberty* that that was not malicious. I, however, care nothing for his malice, and should not notice such things if their personalities were all of them. I do regret the necessity of teaching rudiments when I would rather employ my remaining months in seeking discoveries. But it seems to be necessary; and the devil's advocate is well known to be one of the Lord's servants; so we will not quarrel. C. L. JAMES.

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Echoes.

I honor any man who in the conscientious discharge of his duty dares to stand alone; the world, with ignorant, intolerant judgment, may condemn, the countenances of relatives may be averted, and the hearts of friends grow cold, but the sense of duty done shall be sweeter than the applause of the world, the countenances of relatives, or the hearts of friends.—Charles Sumner.

* * *

All this teaching of the superhuman power of the priests is not fit for the twentieth century. Spain is on the verge of revolution from it. The school question is one of rule and politics of that church. It belongs to the parents to decide what they want for their children, and not for the priest to intrude himself into the home and order what this or that child should be taught. That's the parents' business. The priest is after the child, that he may hold him for his own use and benefit later on, even if he does stunt his education—so long as he holds him, he, the priest, is satisfied. Said one in Porto Rico when the public schools were to be established there: "We, the priests, don't want the people educated; we can't govern them as well."—*The Converted Catholic.*

* * *

There always have appeared, even in the remotest periods of history, characters that in spite of tyranny or mob howlings had emancipated themselves sufficiently to boldly and loudly proclaim their ideas. [They did not wait for a universal "evolution."—TRANSLATOR.] And, as history went on, and with the increase of the population, their number naturally augmented, and as civilization and the struggle between capital and labor got keener, they got bolder and more distinct in their ideas. When the gods of the heavens had been dethroned by them, they began to purge among the traditional terrestrial ones. The vigorous blows of their arguments have smashed one idol after another that the erring had worshipped. They are now, all over the world of learning, laying vigorous siege to the bugaboo of authority, the last remaining fetter of humanity. We are realizing that we are becoming of age—ripe to have our say in matters as to how this world shall be managed. In this latter day of industrial and spiritual emancipation we are making more rapid strides to the fore than did our ancestors, and it is therefore reasonable to hope that we shall overcome odious beliefs in terrestrial idols much quicker in the future than we overcame the celestial ones in the past. —Martin Drescher.

* * *

The great harvests are gathered by men who can have no love for the soil and no interest in the bread which comes off of it. for the conditions preclude love and interest. The whole operation is for profit, and this

not for the workers themselves, but for the men and women who exploit their labor. The majority of people have a very strong feeling against fortunes made in the liquor traffic, because the results to both bodies and minds are so obviously unsocial; but the same sensitiveness does not extend to the taking of large dividends and profits from industries and enterprises which are gathered none the less surely at the cost of human degradation and poverty of spirit and hopelessness. Modern society still carries out its private purposes at the expense of human life. The trouble with these multitudinous evil-doers is that they have no restraining sense of a high social purpose more absolute than any mere individual convenience. To these deaths you and I consent, and we consent quite as thoroly to the unspeakable degradation of our large cities, to the death of innocence, of health, of happiness, of hope, of all that makes human life better than the life of the beasts, we consent to all this, when we choose as our occupation any operation which gathers its profits from the forced labor of other people, which exploits human life. We are false to our belief in the unity of man and his impulse towards perfection when we accept any social ideal which involves physical, intellectual, emotional harm to any member of the social group, which withholds a wholesome life of body and mind and heart from the lowest and meanest of them all.—Hanford Henderson.

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Fragments of Thought.

Does thought, the faculty characteristic only of mankind, render man's life more interesting, or does it open anew the bleeding wounds of human dissatisfaction? Leaving aside the philosophy of happiness, as to whether it is a reality or a result of mere imagination, and looking into the reflecting mirror of all life processes, our brain, we become conscious that we are unhappy, that we miss the pleasures which are thought to normally accompany life. Whether this results partly from human nature's way of aspiring to inattainable things remains to be answered in the future; the known fact is, that life under present circumstances is largely a failure.

There is nothing sweet or attractive in it as some would maintain, wishing perhaps to hide what they consider the mean part of themselves "complaint of life." Whether young or old, rich or poor, they all feel the shocks of life keen enough so as to consider it a pleasure which is not worth its troubles, but they would not confess it, out of fear to become ridiculous.

The time when we feel dissatisfied with life, is the very moment we begin to reflect about it. There is no appointed moment when man begins to think at all, leading a lifeless existence resembling rather vegetation than life. But as soon as one enters the serious kingdom of thought life takes on a darkened aspect.

In a horrid whirlwind, struck by a dismal environment, one finds that all that is, seems made for the service of unhappiness. In a world where the fatality of a class struggle brings misery for all mankind, for the oppressor who fears the disinheritance which follows stolen riches, as well as for the oppressed, who is more and more downtrodden by the beasts of prey which try to tame their victims; in a world where class antagonism forbids freedom for the capitalist as well as for the wage slave, in such a world happiness is inconceivable to one.

Let us see what does women get in her so-called easier task. Civilization had brought her down to the level of Greek women, a mere apparatus of producing legitimate children, a guardian of the house, a nurse of her husband and children, a legal prostitute who tries her best to sell herself for support in order to escape shop slavery! Look at the American women, the modern slave of the four great powers—Church, dress, children and kitchen.

Not observing the majority which attend church and Sunday school, making the best sort of propagandist of religion, which has been her worst enemy in all times, and taking for an example the lady of refinement and education, introduced into "good" society arranged by shrewd plans of men, she repeats with the innocence of a little baby the moral clinging words. "What we have to be grateful for!" As tho her social position was brilliant. Shame on a civilization which did not create women to protest and repeat: "Why are we miserable? Why are we deprived of rights which have been naturally granted to us with the granting of life? Ten-fold shame on civilized society which finds an interest in depriving a half of mankind of its intellectual ability!"

Instead of making man's helpmate against natural and artificial fetters, and led into the way of progress, the woman was lulled into a semi-dormant state of mind, and a tool for social deterioration has been made out of her.

All in all, life is passing thru a terrible crisis. Man has sailed away from one shore, and not having reached the opposite, struggles between life and death, unable to make use of his intellectual or physical faculties, tho he might possess them.

Discontent and unhappiness do not ask whose fault it is. It does not interfere with the cause; enough that life has been rendered a burden to every human being without regard to sex, color, state of health, nationality or creed, and promises to remain so for a long period of time, perhaps.

GOLDA CARMOL.

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Blasphemy.

What is blasphemy? Why, everybody can answer that conundrum. Blasphemy, the dictionary says, is: "Profane language toward God; highly irreverent, contemptuous, abusive or reproachful words, addressed to, or spoken or written regarding God." Who is guilty of blasphemy according to definition? We submit that it is the ministers, quite generally. Did you ever hear some of them talk about God in the pulpit? Would you think they had any respect for God or fear of his power, or any true conception of his character and make-up? Hardly.

There is Dr. Parkhurst, in New York, for instance—not a fledgeling, but a full grown, able-bodied minister of the gospel in good standing. Did you ever hear him talk about God? How flippant, how contemptuous even! A Brahmin, a Hindoo priest of great learning and piety, heard him the other day in the metropolis, and he was shocked indeed. It affected his whole system. The Brahmin says:

"The reverend gentleman, who I am told, is a clergyman of high and regular standing, not a mountebank, or what in my country is called a 'fakir,' professes to describe the 'character' of God and to attribute to him certain habits of mind and conduct, exactly as if he were on terms of intimate personal familiarity with the Almighty and qualified to supply a biography of Him to 'Who's Who.' Pardon the flippancy; it is Dr. Parkhurst's, not mine.

"The preacher tells his hearers that God is 'dreadfully set in his way,' and pictures Him, the omniscient and infallible, weighing questions in his mind and 'deciding' after deep deliberation what is the best mode of procedure. He tells his hearers they are much mistaken if they think God's 'fondness for people has melted out of His character all respect for Himself and for the dignity of his own determinations,' and he speaks of the Chicago horror as 'throwing light upon a certain side of God's character.'

One cannot avoid the conclusion that Dr. Parkhurst has created a God in his own image, an obstinate, hard natured egotist, destitute of sympathy for human weaknesses and having a certain 'character' or pose to be interpreted as uncertainty of purpose or fallibility of judgment.

To discuss 'sides' of God's 'character' seems to me as derogatory to his dignity as to describe his personal appearance, the color of his eyes, the cut of his beard. There is something profoundly blasphemous and belittling in the concept of God 'adopting a policy' and burning 600 people in a theater to convince the city officials of Chicago that he is 'dreadfully set in his ways.'"

And what does the reader think about the matter? Is not the Braham correct, and might he not have gone on and said a great deal more in the same direction with propriety? In the declining days of paganism the Romans treated their gods in the same free and easy manner that some ministers treat their God at the present day. It seems to us that men like Parkhurst ought to either get into the pulpit or get out.

J. WILSON.

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That government is best which governs not at all, and when men are prepared for it, that is the kind of government they will have.—Henry Thoreau.

War is the harvest to governments, however ruinous it may be to a nation. It serves to keep up deceitful expectations, which prevent people from looking into the abuses and defects of governments. It is that which amuses and cheats the multitude.—Thomas Paine.

Politicians are a set of men who have interests aside from the interests of the people, and who, to say the most of them, are, taken as a mass, at least one long step removed from honest men. I say this with the greater freedom because, being a politician myself, none can regard it as personal. —Abraham Lincoln.

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